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THE REV. W. A. O'CONNOR.

IT is now getting on close to thirty years since the Roman Catholic body here built Pugin's large temple, still unfinished as to tower, St. Wilfrid's, in Hulme. St. Augustine's, or, as it is commonly called, St. Austin's, Granby Row, had previously contented them, and it appeared to have struck a number of gentlemen of the Church of England that they ought to get up an opposition to St. Austin's, weakened probably by the secession or departure of a good portion of its members and congregation. Whether from this reason, or from some analagous one, the church of St. Simon and St. Jude was, in fact, built about this time in Granby Row, almost opposite St. Austin's, evidently as a bulwark against Rome. The effect has been very much like that caused by our brass latch-key-hole upon the iron door-knocker of the house opposite to us—that is to say, none at all. We use our latch-key for ourselves, and our neighbour's door-knocker is used for the purposes for which such grim-looking appendages are generally employed, and we have as much occasion for his knocker as he has for our key-hole.

For many years the Rev. Mr. Bywater officiated at Saint Simon and Jude's and the church and the Sunday-school attached were known about the neighbourhood as Bywater's's, and as many more apostrophe'd s's as it pleased the speaker to indulge in. He was a man of austere character, and harsh in his behaviour, and, by an ill-tempered and profitless opposition to his neighbours, provoked a degree of animosity to the church on their parts which, when once engendered, is difficult to destroy. Mr. Bywater, however, sailed away from the shores of time, and the Cathedral Chapter appointed the Rev. William Arthur O'Connor, B.A.

For many years the internal fittings of the church were of the most uncomfortable description. The pews of a dreary, dirty, drab-slate colour had narrow seats and high straight backs; the organ was away at the back of a cross gallery or tribune, and the pulpit, at the corner of the chancel, was approached by a door-way through the wall from the vestry. But this state of wretchedness was altered some six or seven years since. The old pews, square ones and all, were cleared away; a large square space at the north-east and south-east parts of the church was enclosed by high ornamental open screen work of stained deal; the northerly portion was fitted with open benches, and the southerly had the organ brought down into it, and the space between formed a choir or anti-chancel in which were placed double rows of choir benches on each side. The rest of the ground-floor was filled with neat low open pews or benches along the sides and in the middle of the church, approached by a centre passage and side ones, floored with black and red tiles placed diamond-wise. The gallery was cleared of its former obstructions and fitted up with seats, and all the benches were painted light oak. The old men-and-women chorus has been discontinued, and a surpliced choir of men and boys occupy the choir benches, and, when we were present, which has been more than once, have sung lustily and with a good courage, all the more so perhaps as their services are voluntary and they feel free and independent.

The reading desk, or "pew," as in most of the churches now fitted up with choir benches, is the stall or seat nearest the congregation, though its natural place would seem to be at the other end. Indeed that end is used for the purpose at All Saints' Church, Lambeth, of which Dr. Lee, an authority on the subject, is the Vicar. Here Mr. O'Connor stands, kneels, or sits, according to the requirements of the service, and reads the service in plain, slow, but distinct voice, without any pretence of intonation, and free from any accentuation whatever. The Lessons are read from the Eagle, or Lectern—a carved pillar-desk of varnished oak—by two, in turns, of the senior choir-men, one distinguished by his excellent reading and pleasing voice, and the other by such faults of pronunciation and emphasis as to detract greatly from the naturally clear mellowness of his voice, from which we gather that it is easier to sing moderately well, or quite up to the average, than to read tolerably even; and on the other hand, your good reader has often little or no singing voice. The Psalms and Canticles we found were sung to well-known Anglican chants, and all the responses chanted. The intoning by the choir of the General Confession to the "Ely" tone, and of the Nicene Creed, after Merbecke, was very well and heartily done. The hymn book used is the now universal *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and the hymns are sung with a will. The organ is a moderately-sized instrument, and the organist considers his playing as intended to assist and support the singing, and not to lead and then drown and overpower the voices of the choir, and expect them to follow him and be thankful to get their heads above water now and then, as is the case too often.

There did not appear to be anything that one could call Ritualism in the service, and yet it was not distinguished by that ostentatious disregard of customary and natural attitude or position which we have seen in some churches, and consider the worst ceremonialism of all. A slight and grave inclination of the head marks the Holy Name, whether in creed or hymn, and the choir turn eastward at the creeds, the direction in which all the congregation are already standing at the time, and must stand or be all through the service, wherever they are placed.

The service of prayer finished, Mr. O'Connor comes slowly to the Lectern, or reading stand, for he seems to have abandoned the pulpit. He there opens the large Bible from which the lessons have been read, and from that reads the text he has selected for his discourse. "Who occupied your pulpit yesterday?" was the enquiry of a Nonconformist acquaintance, one Monday morning, on our walk towards town. "Nobody," was the reply, "no one, at least, at the church we went to yesterday." This seemed a puzzler, and he resumed: "I don't, of course, know much of the sort of worship you had, but I thought you had generally a sermon." "We always have a sermon," we replied, "as far as our experience, somewhat bitter sometimes, has gone, but at the Church we attended yesterday, the minister, as you would call him, preached from the Bible-stand in the middle of the church, and never entered into the pulpit at all, but just went to the nearest convenient place, where he could be best seen and heard, and without changing the dress he had been wearing, went on with the service. We suppose you would have had him go out and put on a black gown in one place, and then cross the church and go into the pulpit in it and preach there." "Well," he said, "our friends would think it strange not to do so." "Ah," we replied, "that's because you are Ritualists, don't you see? We're not wedded to such useless formalism."

The tall commanding figure of Mr. O'Connor, draped in the surplice, the most beautiful garment surely ever man wore, is admirably fitted for the position he chooses for preaching. The text read with the aid of the movable double eye-glass, the preacher, with brooding, meditative face, begins with a few hesitating words, as if he were casting about for those most

suitable with which to introduce the subject, or the particular branch of it, which he wished to make the primary object of his teaching for the time being, and to give the first impressions of it without affording the smallest ground for misconstruction. If there has been an erroneous translation of the passage, as it is in the original, or a partial or incomplete rendering of it in the authorized version, he then shows by authorities, by collating parallel or similar passages of Scripture, how the passage ought to run, and instead of flinging a few Greek words over the heads of an unlettered audience, which we have heard done by men who ought to have known better, he explains clearly the reasons in favour of his revision, if it should happen to be necessary, and how the passage, as it stands, is inconsistent with the context, and what misapprehensions and false teaching have arisen and been gathered from it by well-intentioned or enthusiastic, but, unfortunately, ignorant persons.

Mr. O'Connor has lately been in the habit of selecting for the theme of his Sunday mornings' discourses, some leading passage or incident in the first lesson, the Old Testament lesson, which has been read in the course of the service, and he seems to have opened up from it a whole fresh body of Divinity. The lesson last Sunday morning contained the Prophet Samuel's address to the Israelites, on the subject of their having desired a King to rule over them—a desire which was naturally displeasing to himself personally, he having so long governed them himself, and which he had brought himself to consider was contrary to the will of God, as it was intended they should continue under a theocratic form of government, having the Almighty for their immediate ruler. The message, however, which Samuel had to deliver had been often misapprehended; the passage had been often shirked as a passage on which to preach, as it seemed to involve a rebuke to the people for wishing a monarchical form of government—a rule under which our own country had been for many hundred years. But in reality it was not so. If there was any political reason in the passage at all, it was so much absorbed in the religious lesson to be gathered from it as to be almost lost sight of. Although Samuel himself was a divinely-appointed leader of the people, it was only so far as the people were content to follow. He could not coerce them. His very sons, whom he had made judges over Israel, took bribes and prevented judgment. Now, a people, said the preacher, who would consent to endure a corrupt and depraved government, must be corrupt and depraved themselves. It was no use for a man, suffering from the result of his own excesses, to alter his position on his sick bed, or change his medicine or his physician. It was his life that he must change to be well. And it was of no use for the Israelites, who wanted to continue to walk after vain things, to ask for a king in the hope of improving their condition. Had we not seen, or, at all events, read of a nation so near our own shores who for years and yearspast had passed from monarchy to despotism and alternated with republicanism, changing their form of government instead of themselves and their own lives and conduct? So the Israelites, Samuel had now to tell them, were to serve the Lord with their whole heart, and not go after vain things, which could not profit nor deliver, and the Lord would not forsake his people; but, on the other hand, if they should still do wickedly, they should be consumed, both they and their king. There was one lesson running through both the Old Testament and the New to which everything else was subservient, and that was the necessity of personal holiness. It mattered nothing under what form of government we lived, when as citizens or Christians, whether in state or Church. Hence St. Paul gave directions that prayer must be made for persons in authority, who in his day were heathen idolators, or worse, as well as for the brethren. What was a theocrasy but a living under the direct rule of the Almighty, in whose justice, temperance and righteousness of every kind were personified, and under a monarchy or a republic, it mattered little, so long as we were heirs of the kingdom of Heaven.

But it is in vain to give more than a shadow of an idea of this remarkable sermon, as of many others. Towards the close, the preacher closed the Book, and with one hand resting on it, he gave in glowing but simple words the plain lesson to be learned from the subject. Mr. O'Connor draws at will from the rich stores of Biblical learning, and his eloquence—we are at a loss for words to describe it. We state but the simple fact when we say that on every ground Mr. O' Connor is, as a preacher, at present without a rival in Manchester.

RUSHOLME.

THAT Rusholme has a history has already been indicated in the columns of this journal. Indeed it has been our lot never to come across a village which hasn't had for a few centuries a history of some sort. When we come to look into the matter we find that most places where men dwell together have been, at one period or another, associated with events which time has hallowed. But although age is a very common quality, so far as villages are concerned, Rusholme as a human settlement can justly claim a higher antiquity than many. The antiquarian who visits it is carried in thought back at least to the Crusades. It would be curious to compare the old Rusholme knights and serving men of that period with some of the exquisites who now clamber on to the Rusholme 'bus and lodge upon the lands of the Knights Hospitallers.

The word Rusholme has now a threefold signification; it means a village, a township, and a suburb or place of residence. As for the village—that is, the ancient cluster of cottages rurally situated—it is principally represented by a group of three or four miserable-looking tenements situated on the left-hand side of the pedestrian as he goes towards Fallowfield. These buildings which bulge outwards, as if they had got weak knees, are of a blackish-grey colour, suggesting to the imaginative mind that a coat of whitewash was once put upon them. They stand in a hideous croft, which in the olden time was no doubt a blooming garden; this is guarded from intrusion by a brick wall, and on either side is a row of shops of a new brick colour, which look as if they were trying to effect a juncture across it. The township of Rusholme has a much less erratic character than have several of our municipal divisions. Comparatively speaking, it is a rather compact affair. Beginning at Moss Lane and High Street it extends to the new church of the Holy Innocents at Fallowfield; and across from the Stockport Road side of Victoria Park to Platt Fields. As a suburb, it means anywhere between Maclaren's new chapel, the church of the Holy Trinity in Platt Lane, and that of St. James in Birch Fields.

Rusholme generally may be said to consist of detachments of good-looking houses, standing amidst fine old trees, but permeated and ramified by a later and essentially Victorian growth of bricks and mortar. It looks to the analytic mind like a place where the gentlemanly and the snobbish, the artistic and the vulgar, the comfortable and the paltry and mean have met as on a common battle-ground. Of course, the vulgar appears to be getting the best of it. Beginning with the new Union Chapel, henceforth famous as the place of worship in which one of her Majesty's judges, unknown, was refused a seat, and when known, was pestered with apologies, one is led to wonder whether the building, showy, and even effective in parts, but quite undevotional in character, is a type of the congregation which assembles within it. Leaving it, one is somewhat reassured on passing a number of residences of unpretending but substantial aspect; and especially one, in which many of the master works of genius were once sheltered, and in which dwelt a true patron of art and lover of his kind. Then we come to rows of houses with bits of sham gardens which seem to be all wall, and to a dose of royalty in the name of Victoria Park. Indeed the nomenclature of Rusholme would make G. W. M. Reynolds go mad, for a little further on we find all in a cluster Queen Street, and Princess Street, Albert Street, and Cobourg Street, and what appears to us to be an interminable maze of Victorian thoroughfares. About here, too, we find another combination-edifice, belonging to the Independent denomination. Whatever our descendants may think of the blameless life of the sovereign,

we are afraid that they will have but a poor opinion of the character of her subjects if they estimate us by the style of architecture to which her august name has been given. Passing through what is apparently Rusholme market, consisting of shops for the sale of the necessaries of life and of the wherewithal to clothe, adorn, or disfigure the body, backed up by rows of modern houses, we turn down a narrow passage called Monmouth Street, and threading our way through groups of brick huts which seem to reek of soap-suds, and past drying-grounds over which a variety of unmentionable articles of apparel are suspended, we emerge into Platt Lane. Admiring the beauty of the church and inwardly sighing "Alas, it is only a terra-cotta sham," we pass beneath the broad-branching trees, and crossing Oxford Street turn down a shady avenue which leads us to Birch Church. We enter the pretty churchyard and stroll slowly between the flower-bedecked graves. This grave-yard is on Sunday afternoons the resort of servant girls and seamstresses' assistants, who giggle and flirt with young men wearing startling neck-ties and smoking bad cigars.

Rusholme, like the rest of Manchester suburbs, is well supplied with a variety of places of worship. As already indicated, there are two Anglican churches, the ecclesiastical dignitaries of which, we suppose, cordially hate each other in a Christian manner, for the same reason that Thackeray supposed that the two opposition casks of sugar placed at a grocer's door, hated each other. There is the Union chapel, in which Mr. Maclaren officiates, and the Congregational establishment, of which Mr. Finlayson is the presiding genius. There is the little chapel of Platt held, rightly or wrongly, by the Unitarians, and also a Roman Catholic church, dedicated to Saint Edward, whoever he was. Rusholme has also a building called the Public Hall, which has a lending library and reading-room. It seems to be a sort of Mechanics' Institute, as it has readings, and a bowling or billiard club, and likewise, we believe, a gymnastic club in connection with it. Rusholme has two principal public-houses, which appear to be chiefly patronized by estate-agents and small tradesmen. Some of these individuals give tips for coming races, arrange bowling-matches to take place in the Public Hall, where betting is of course strictly prohibited, and when getting into that condition which is described as "far-gone," disclose tricks of trade which we do not think they would disclose when sober. The "upper ten" of Rusholme appear to indulge their imbibing propensities farther from home. Many pay their court to certain lions which hang out higher up the road, and others visit hostelries nearer town. We believe that altogether a very large quantity of the liquors which inebriate is consumed by the inhabitants of Rusholme, and there is in our possession a photographic work of art representing a group composed of the nine most distinguished drunkards in the locality.

The working population of Rusholme is either employed in the neighbouring city, or officiates in the various domestic capacities of coachman, day waiter, and the like, in the surrounding great houses. A large proportion is engaged in the washing business. This business is in most instances conducted on Indian principles, the squaw doing the work, and the chief taking his ease in the interior of his establishment, or occasionally turning the mangle. On Saturdays he goes to the chase, and brings home the spoil, that is, he drives the truck on which the clean linen is carried to its owners, and receives the cash. A portion of this is usually expended in the purchase of "fire-water," and on the pipe of peace. Rusholme has at least two cricket clubs—the Rusholme and the Oxford. We have reason to believe, however, that the latter is rather famed for "chirruping" than for play.

A YANKEE'S DESCRIPTION OF SINGING.

The human lungs reverberate sometimes with great velocity,
When windy individuals indulge in much verbosity,
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute,
And push and punch the diaphragm as though the deuce were in it.

CHORUS.—The pharynx now goes up;
The larynx with a slam,
Ejects a note
From out the throat,
Pushed by the diaphragm.

A TEMPERANCE EXPERIENCE MEETING.

WE received the other day an invitation to attend a temperance experience meeting at the Hall in Grosvenor Street. It was to be held at eight o'clock on Sunday evening, and as our Church would not have "loosed" in time for us to get up there by that hour, we resolved to devote the evening to the meeting and to give up "the wicked man" for that occasion. The subject scarcely seemed inviting. Temperance is the mean, the middle, or ordinary course of life. Experience of intemperance we could fancy, and could imagine stories of privation and hardship, and of plenty and excess, suffered and enjoyed during the changing scenes of life. We went, consequently, to the meeting in a somewhat expectant and critical mood.

It would not serve any good end to describe this Hall. We had seen it in many varieties of occupation, from a Mormon or a Spiritualist conference to an ordinary Sunday School tea-fight, and we loved it then as now—that is to say, not particularly. It looked more formal and uninviting than ever on this wet Sunday evening, with a few plain high-backed wooden benches placed across the middle of the floor, and others ranged at right angles to them up the sides, and an audience or congregation of about a dozen grown-up people, some of them grown very high up too, and a few children. At the upper end of the room was a little square table at which there sat a dapper little man, who seemed the living embodiment of Mr. Pickwick's solicitor, Mr. Perker, and looked at the meeting with an abstracted air, as if he were doing sums in his head, such as multiplying the audience by the pillars and dividing by the wooden benches, or doing what teetotallers seem always bent on doing, that is, reducing everybody who tastes "intoxicating beverages" to a common denominator.

After a quarter of an hour had passed and a few people had dribbled in, the chairman or president proposed that we should sing a hymn, and nobody appearing opposed to it, he gave out one, verse by verse, and we stood up and sung it,—at least he did, for he started the tune as well, and as many of the audience as had the little hymn-book did so too. The hymn seemed to be an apostrophe or address to some one, to "take back, take back the bowl," and this was repeated as the first line of each of the verses, which were sung to a hymn-tune, though there was nothing particularly religious about it, until the "party" addressed was supposed to be bowled out. A decent British-workman looking man, who had come in during the hymn, was then spoken to by the chairman as Brother something, but of what he said we only caught the word "prayer:" upon which the B. W., a man with short sandy whiskers and an uncommonly shiny bald head, rose and taking hold of the rail in front, said something, of which we could distinguish nothing save a strong north-country accent, and the audience leaned forward a few inches, and looked as if stricken with severe headache, to relieve which they, for the most part, placed one hand to the heavy brow. This proceeding did not last many minutes, fortunately, and we had another hymn, the prevailing sentiment of which was, that he who tasted of the forbidden liquid, slid away at once to what Mr. Mantalini gracefully termed "the demnition bow-wows."

After this, the assembly was invited to tell their experience, any friends who didn't think and act as "we did" being particularly requested to do so. An elderly man got up at once, and said he had been a teetotaller for forty-one years. He gave a variety of personal details of himself and family—where he had been to chapel and Sunday school, and the ages of his children. It appeared that he was born and had lived some time in Lancashire, and had removed to Greenwich, so that Mr. Gladstone, though he speaks often in a tone of self-depreciation utterly foreign to our present orator, would seem to have followed in some of his footsteps. As soon as he had said his say, he asked to be excused, for he couldn't stay; and putting on his hat, bid us "a good night, all," and marched out with his two friends. Now, this wasn't fair; he ought to have stayed to see the effect of his speech, or to listen to the others who had so patiently listened to this outpowering of the most sheer egotism which it was ever our lot to hear, but he didn't. After all, it was perhaps as well he went; he might have addressed us again.

The little chairman was up again directly, and from what he said seemed to expect more "friends," and called upon any present to say

something, if it was only to "fill up,"—rather a curious expression for a teetotaller to use, we thought. But it had its effect on a young man, who told a long story about a doctor having ordered a glass of porter in a morning for his (the speaker's) daughter, who was in delicate health. The girl, however, had an invincible repugnance to porter or anything of the kind, and would not take it, and in the end she got better without it, though they kept on with the doctor, and said nothing to him about it, which didn't seem quite fair behaviour to the doctor. The next speaker, a little man with a less knowledge of grammar, was very hard upon the doctors who ordered porter, wines, and spirits wherever they went, but he thought they were in a measure compelled to do it, as, if their patients weren't ordered drink, they would soon send for another doctor,—which was considered witty, and laughed at accordingly. He gave, however, a sensible recommendation on the subject, which was, to tell the doctor when he first came in that "you was all teetotallers," and he would govern himself accordingly. Some or anybody else being requested to say a few words to "fill up," we took the opportunity of bolting, and thereby no doubt "filled up" the measure of our iniquity, but we couldn't stand any more egotism.

It is probably better, much better, that these men should be sober people than drunkards; but at what a cost is their position purchased! "I thank thee" each of them must be perpetually saying "that I am not as other men are,"—a maker or a sipper of this drink,—"or even as this publican." Discretion seems to be a word forcibly blotted out of their dictionary. Moderation, these gentry will have none of. Of course, if it comes to be a question between complete abstaining, on the one hand, and dissolute drunkenness and absolute ruin on the other, without any medium whatever, there can be no doubt about the answer. But is it so as a rule? There are, no doubt, scores of individual cases where total abstaining, and that only, is sufficient to guard a man from sheer destruction, and in such cases, "the pledge" is the only talisman; but is it so universally? Water, as a detergent and the vehicle of motive power as well as a beverage, is useful in its place and wholesome, but noxious otherwise. Fire is proverbially a good servant, but a bad master; and gas, under care and seclusion, is the means of illumination and warmth, but negligently treated, an explosive and destructive agent of desolation and death. And so beer, as a generic term for all fermented liquors and their compounds, is, under proper restrictions, useful; but without them, a poison.

The original teetotallers did a good work. The moral example of their self-denial made itself felt, created an influence which, where it did not produce the entire disuse of liquor, succeeded in introducing and forming habits of moderation, temperance, strictly so called, and self-control. But the moderns are an army of fanatics, with whom it is useless to attempt to reason. So long as they confined themselves to persuasion, to moral influence, to personal example, they were doing the work of true teachers, guiding men into the right way; but the tyrannical element, personified in the Alliance, has called into existence an opposition previously unknown. To wage war with drunkenness is a crusade just and holy by its very terms; but when men began to confound beer with drunkenness, and, in their desire to do away with the latter, to strive to abolish the former, the common sense of the world revolted against the attempt; saw that the parallel was incomplete in its very nature; and as if in disgust at the fanaticism, declined to impose regulations, wholesome enough probably in themselves, at the bidding of a few men whose only reasons for their demands was that such were their commands and that their strong and determined will must be accepted unquestionably as sufficient reason. But let there be no mistake; let the publicans, the servants of the public, and by no means high, either, in the scale of servitude, try to discern the signs of the times and set their house in order. There is a wide-spread and determined intention on the part of the public to abolish drunkenness as far as possible, and to that end to repress, if necessary extinguish, all open and public causes and means of it, and what society wants to have it gets in the long run, at the cost of anybody that opposes it.

PUNS.—Mr. George Meredith, in the current month's instalment of his *Cornhill* novel, *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*, calls puns the small-pox of the language, and protests that we are at present cursed with an epidemic for which some sort of philological vaccine ought to be discovered and applied as speedily as possible.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THEATRICAL MANAGERS AND UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

THE amount of dramatic talent now upon the loose is remarkable, and says very little for the perception of theatrical managers. Everybody thinks he can manage other people's business better than they can themselves, and therefore we may perhaps be pardoned if we venture to suggest to local managements that there are splendid fragments of the Haymarket Company now out of engagements. Mr. Compton is apparently not wholly unattainable; Miss Robertson is playing only once a week, and in the morning, at the Haymarket; and Mr. Farren has concluded for the present his engagement at St. James's. Add to these Mr. Parselle, one of the best of old men, one of the whole host of competent matrons just now out of work, also one of the not few young lovelinesses walking about doing nothing, and you have a better company than any English one now playing in town. Put on a good piece, and if that wouldn't pay—it ought to do.

THE BRIDGEWATER CRICKET CLUB'S ATHLETES.

The Bridgewater, though it is one of the most recently-formed of our local cricket clubs, is also one of the most aspiring and ambitious. It possesses a large, convenient, easily-accessible, and somewhat picturesque ground at Cornbrook, bounded upon one side by Pomona Gardens, on the other by the new Liverpool railway line. At its entrance is a long, white, comfortable-looking farmhouse, and the "heights" of Old Trafford bound the view in the distance. Altogether a pleasant bit of ground, and one, we are told, that is likely to remain in possession of the Club for some time to come, if it chooses to keep it. It is the property of Sir Humphrey de Trafford. But the Bridgewater is not only a cricket but an athletic club, and is perhaps better known to the public by its annual athletic festival than for its prowess with the bat and ball. On Saturday, the third of these yearly gatherings was held. It admits of little or no description, for the simple reason that, after the manner of Dr. Johnson's green fields, one athletic contest is very like every other; and the only feature that calls for special mention was the overwhelming predominance of pedestrianism over every other department of athletics. With the exception of a boxing encounter, two jumping contests, and a trial in throwing the cricket ball, there was nothing but running to be seen; and five hours of that sort of amusement proved rather monotonous for the majority of the spectators. Still, it must be admittted that the sports were keenly enjoyed by the competitors, and some of the encounters excited intense interest. If the cricketing powers of the Bridgewater Club are as good as the athletic abilities of its members, it may ere long take a prominent position, and truly there is room enough for any association that will try to retrieve the damaged credit of Manchester as a cricketing city.

"OPINIONS OF THE PRESS."

We have often been amused by the ingenious way in which authors, actors, publishers, and managers contrive to suck praise and consolation out of the most damaging criticisms. Articles which have struck one on perusal as most sweeping and condemnatory, supply choice excerpts for the advertisement or play bill of so flowery a character that they occasionally almost make one think one must have been mistaken in supposing that the notice was not a most favourable one. By picking out a bit of praise here and a compliment there, an adjective from one part and an adverb from another, the judicious artist gathers honey even from the venom of the censor. If a notice of one's own is under treatment, one is quite electrified to find what exuberant sentiments one has been giving utterance to; one stands aghast at the adroitness with which a totally false impression of the tenor of one's article has been conveyed. It is perhaps hardly to be expected that a man should advertise the strictures which have been passed upon him; but it certainly is most improper so to mangle sentences as to wrest out of them a totally different meaning to the one they were intended to convey. In noticing *Two Roses*, at the Theatre Royal, the *Guardian* said it hoped that better attendance than that on the first night would show that Manchester audiences could appreciate a good play well acted. In the subsequent advertisements the observation was thus given:—"Manchester audiences can appreciate a good play well acted."—

Guardian. Anyone who knows the *Guardian* would know that a flat expression of a definite opinion is an almost impossible indulgence on its part, and would have doubted the correctness of the extract; but innocence and ignorance ought not to be imposed upon.

THE TRADES UNIONISM IN THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The circular letter of Mr. Charles Hallé, prohibiting any member of his band from playing for Mr. De Jong, is bearing fruit. A notice has, we hear, been posted in the band-room at the Theatre Royal, informing the members of the orchestra that they must not play for either Mr. Hallé or Mr. De Jong, as they have been accustomed to do on providing a substitute for the evening at the theatre. If this sort of thing is to continue, evil days are in store for the musical profession in Manchester. At the same time we cannot help congratulating Messrs. Hallé and De Jong that they cannot have any members of the Theatre Royal band in their respective orchestras. On one night this week, we won't say which, we went to see the *Two Roses*, and we heard two overtures. One we managed to recognize, but with difficulty; the other was so wretchedly performed as to be quite unrecognizable. All the performers seemed to have their own ideas of time, and they stuck to them, and the conductor had a special time all to himself. A reformation in our theatre orchestras is much needed.

THE LICENSE OF THE BAR AT PRESTON.

The P. P. or proud publican of Preston may henceforth snap his fingers at the supposed offence of permitting drunkenness in his house if he will only abstain from soiling them by not doing the dirty work himself. The landlord of the Boar's Head Inn, Standish, had been convicted by the Chorley magistrates for wilfully and knowingly permitting drunkenness in his house, and from this sentence he appealed to the Quarter Sessions at Preston. The chairman, Mr. Thomas Batty Addison, said the magistrates could not apply the words "wilfully permitting drunkenness" to a person who was not present at the time when the alleged offence was committed, who did not know of it, and who, it had not been proved, had omitted to take any fair precaution to prevent it. If this is to be the law henceforth, any amount of drunkenness may be permitted, and the law against it is a dead letter. Poor old Blackstone used to say, and really many people have been taken in by it, that "what a servant is permitted to do in the usual course of his business is equivalent to a general command." Boniface has now only to say to barman, with a wink, mind you don't serve any drink to tipsy people, and barman thrusts his tongue into his cheek and replies by an intelligent nod. By the way, we see Mr. Chairman Addison has just attained or completed the fiftieth year of his chairmanship. Is this decision new law or old age? Just another question. Has it become the fashion now to prove a negative? For the chairman alluded to the absence of proof that the publican had omitted to take, had not taken, in other words, precautions to prevent drunkenness.

THE UNITARIANS AND MR. VOYSEY.

We could not wish for a more thorough renunciation of the recent Unitarian patronage of Mr. Voysey than the following remarks addressed to the *Inquirer* by the Rev. Alexander Gordon, in a letter disavowing all participation in the occupancy of his pulpit by Mr. Voysey on the latter's late country tour. Mr. Gordon, it appears, was not consulted in the matter—was, in fact, away from home; and so his congregation probably were glad, as congregations often are, to jump into the jaws of any roaring lion who might be about. Thus Mr. Gordon sums him up:—"Here is a man preferred in the expectation that he will teach nothing contrary to that form of worship and to those articles of religion which he contracts the most solemn obligation in the sight of God and man to observe and to teach. By and bye, after a careful investigation by cool-headed lawyers, he is expelled from his post, not without well-merited ignominy, as one faithless to a solemn bond. And here is a religious body, whose watchword of old was honesty—whose test of worth used to be fidelity to conscience, not right or wrong opinion—yet which now steps forward to pick up this man at a time when, smarting under the sense of his expulsion, he is abusing those among whom he would fain have stayed, and because, forsooth, certain of his reckless utterances fall in to some extent with its own views, invites him forthwith into the instructor's seat. On such a man I can look with neither respect nor patience; and if the talk of his lips were in exact accord with my own belief, instead of being, for the most part, utterly distasteful to me, still I should feel towards him no otherwise than I do. For the honour of the religious body to which I belong, I would gladly have seen older and wiser men than myself protesting, in the name of honesty and of our Christan faith, against the scandal of this man's presence amongst us."

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AND MR. C. VOYSEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Observing the notice of the lectures by Mr. C. Voysey in the *Sphinx* of the 17th inst. upon Rationalism and upon the Bible, and of the prominent part taken in those lectures by two individuals professing Quakerism, and the request so very properly suggested to elicit reliable information in explanation as to the anomaly of those two persons, if of the Society of Friends, taking a part in such lectures. I may state in the first place—that no person denying the Deity of Christ is or can be a true Quaker. It is possible both those persons may be members of the Society of Friends by so-called birthright membership, and, although such attend the meetings of the Society, they may not all be one with the body in either principle, faith, or doctrine. Where such errors are known to exist in the minds of individuals the Society, as a governing body, are more concerned to convince the parties of the error of their views than to exercise the discipline of the Society by excluding them from continued memberships. The prominent appearances of those persons at the lectures are *not* to be taken as representative of the opinions of the Society of Friends, however much they may indicate the sentiments of the schism to which allusion is made, in which one of them at least is a prime mover. I enclose my card, but not for publication, and am respectfully thy friend, J. C.

29th of 6th month, 1871.

CRICKET.

BROUGHTON v. CHEETHAM HILL.

What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?—GRAY.

THE return match between these clubs was played on Saturday last on the Broughton Ground. While the County Club was experiencing a defeat by Yorkshire at Old Trafford, Broughton was being unmercifully pounded at the other side of the town by Cheetham Hill. Far from wiping out the defeat which they suffered six weeks since in the first match, the Broughton Eleven were on this occasion utterly routed, and the game ended in a complete stampede, a Bull's Run, in which they were knocked into the historical "cocked hat," so candidly admitted by the Yankee officers on that memorable occasion. Sweet are the uses of adversity, and the Broughton Club is now going through a course of training which may possibly have an invigorating effect upon its constitution.

Broughton won the toss, and went first to the wickets, making a total score of 134, to which Mr. F. Rutter contributed 24, and Mr. H. Mallalieu 37 in good style. About four o'clock, Cheetham Hill sent in Mr. Mark Barlow and Mr. Parker, both of whom soon began to score rapidly. All sorts and changes of bowling were tried but without effect, and a few minutes before seven o'clock, the two batsmen had topped the Broughton score by five runs without the loss of a single wicket. So unprecedented an innings we do not remember to have seen before on the Broughton ground. Mr. Barlow is a very strong and free hitter, and reminds us something of Mr. Leese. There is nothing like leather, and certainly the Broughtonians had every opportunity of hunting that material during the afternoon. The bowling was completely mastered, and Mr. Brown even indulged the batsmen with a few daisy cutters by way of variety, but it was all to no purpose. Parker, if we are not mistaken, picked up his cricket on the Broughton Ground some years since, where he acted as a sort of scout. He has a good defence, but does not hit as hard as his colleague did on this occasion. The other Cheetham Hill batsmen had nothing to do but shout vociferously and change their cricketing attire.

Something must be wrong with Broughton losing match after match

n this way. Short pipes and late hours are not good training for youths with whom the process of ossification has scarcely begun. It is singular that while the neighbourhood has largely increased in population and the ground is in superb order, the club has deteriorated. The reflection is not pleasant.

> Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade:
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroy'd can never be supplied.

There are veterans on the bowling green who have more go left in them than the rising generation. The Cheetham Hill humourists were naturally jubilant, and laughed consumedly at their own jokes.

YORKSHIRE v. LANCASHIRE.

YORKSHIRE:—Lockwood, Pinder, Freeman, Iddison, Rowbotham, Rawlinson, Smith, Greenwood, Cuttle, Emmett, and West. First Innings, 142; Second Innings, 264.

LANCASHIRE:—Lieutenant Mackinnon, Mr. A. N. Hornby, Mr. Leese, Mr. Appleby; Ricketts, Burrows, Coward, Taylor, Smith, Hickton, and Reynolds. First Innings, 90; Second Innings, 95.

WHATEVER may have been thought of the probable result of the cricket match of last week, there can be no question of the boldness of Lancashire in entering the lists with such a cricketing giant as Yorkshire. Remembering the hopeless defeats which we have encountered in the other county matches this year, it seemed a little rash to face an eleven which yields only to one—if indeed to any—other county. Lancashire was again well beaten. Yet such a defeat, by more than 200 runs, at the hands of the Yorkshire, is not by any means the most disgraceful chance in cricket that has befallen us this season.

The game began on Thursday, in pleasant weather, Yorkshire at the wickets to the bowling of Mr. Appleby and Hickton. There was little worth special record in the first innings. The most noticeable was the innings of Freeman who scored fifty-one. The bowling of Mr. Appleby was perhaps not quite so powerful as usual, whilst the slows of Reynolds were unexpectedly successful. The innings closed for a total of a hundred and forty-two, no extraordinary number for such an eleven to make, and the hopes of Lancastrian sympathizers rose in proportion, nor had we any great reason to complain at the prospects of the earlier part of the first innings. Though Lieutenant Mackinnon, an enthusiastic and an excellent all-round cricketer, went out without scoring, the days cricket closed for over fifty runs, with only two wickets down. Affairs were going so prosperously that hopes of ultimate success and victory began to be indulged in. But with the morrow, a melancholy change came over the scene. Our players appeared to collapse in a most painful fashion, and the total score reached only ninety, an utterly insignificant number, of which one player, Ricketts, made thirty-four. Nor did the misfortunes of the Lancashire Eleven end here; for Yorkshire, in the second innings, batted so successfully that at the close of the day there were close on two hundred runs scored for the loss of eight wickets. Thus the second day was decidedly in favour of Yorkshire, though there was at least promise of some interesting play on Saturday—a state of things which has rarely happened of late years. The earlier part of Saturday was spent in getting rid of the remaining Yorkshire wickets. The last men proved particularly troublesome, and it was not till half-past one that all were out; and then the score had reached the formidable total 265. Thus Lancashire had over three hundred runs to make. This was a task which proved quite impossible to fulfil. Indeed it was far too much to expect against the most dangerous pair of bowlers and the most deadly wicket-keeper in England. The last hope of Lancashire, to play the time out and thus make the game a draw, was completely crushed by the fierce bowling of Emmett and Freeman, and the splendid wicket-keeping of Pinder. The batters were indeed overpowered. Lieutenant Mackinnon played carefully and well for 16, but Mr. Hornby, Coward, and Ricketts failed to do anything of importance. Mr. Leese roused our sinking hopes for a short time, by free and rapid play, till he received an ugly blow on the hand, then he gently placed the ball in the capacious and ready hands of a fielder. The remaining wickets fell rapidly, leaving us with a well-earned and unmistakeable beating.

Our county seems particularly unfortunate with her colts. Since the *de'but* of Ricketts, no young player has given signs of any particular promise. The two young players in this match were altogether unsuccessful. Perhaps the most serious defect in our county Eleven is the absence of a reasonably useful and safe wicket-keeper. The importance of the post cannot be over-estimated. If the wicket-keeper in this match was the best whose services could be commanded, it does not speak very highly for our available talent in that department of cricket. Then there is one other matter open to serious criticism. The area from which the eleven is chosen always seems too limited, and too strictly local. It seems as strange as it is unfortunate, for example, that Liverpool so rarely sends representatives, and Liverpool is not the only neighbourhood which must have talent of a character worthy to figure as representatives of the county. We do not believe, however, that the responsibility for this rests with the authorities in Manchester.

[COMMERCIAL LIFE IN MANCHESTER.]

THE SHIPPING AGENT.

COMMERCIALLY speaking the Shipping Agent is a first cousin to the Carrier, or perhaps a few shades more closely associated in the bonds of relationship, and, like relatives of a given degree, there is very little love lost between them. As with other portions of our huge commercial system the vast expansion and increase of our foreign trade has given a greater impetus and much more importance to the Shipping Agent than he originally possessed. One of the peculiarities of this agent's position is that, outside the shipping fraternity his existence, or at all events the nature of his business, is utterly unknown in respect to Manchester commercial life. In fact, he is not supposed to be a plant of inland growth at all, being specially adapted and pertaining to the soil of the seaport, from which, we presume, he has been successfully transplanted into our midst, notwithstanding atmospheric differences of no mean degree. There was a time when he only blossomed on the banks of the Mersey, on the coast of the Humber, and about the shores of the Thames. At which time our merchants had a primitive way of doing their business, despatching their merchandize, for instance, hence to the seaport, irrespective of cost, to the care of the shipping agent, who sent the goods off to their destination quite irrespective of the charges, and still everyone concerned was gratified with the results of the transactions. In these strange days it seems impossible to half please anybody, although expenses and costs and charges are reduced to a principle of science, and worked out with mathematical precision. In connexion with this point one of the great Manchester Carriers was once explaining the principle of working expenses to a new confidential clerk, showing him that if the cartage of so many thousand tons cost so much, the lifting of a larger quantity of goods would Euclidly cost so much less, and yet a greater traffic cost a still smaller sum, when the brilliant youth, being convinced of the logic of the argument, and desirous of displaying the quickness of his perception, exclaimed, with sudden emphasis, "Oh, I see, sir; I understand, sir. So when we get up to such a quantity of carted traffic it will *cost us nothing at all*." The governor collapsed.

In old times, and, indeed, not long ago, the Shipping Agent had an independent position at the sea ports, receiving and taking charge of the merchant's consignments, on whose behalf he acted, apart from the shipowner's interest, who courted him for his patronage. The Manchester merchant left his entire interests in the hands of the Shipping Agent, who alone negociated and dealt with the owners or representatives of the ships. He was a medium between the two, and he fattened on both. But the link was neither a necessary nor an enduring one. As the great clipper "lines," this, and that, and the other thing gradually sprung up, necessitating almost palatial offices with immense staffs of clerks, the shrewd managers began to wonder why *they* couldn't treat direct with the Manchester man without any intervening agent; because, having all the facilities, they could afford to act the shipping agent, and most satisfactorily protect the interests of the merchant at a cost less by fifty per cent. This was soon accomplished, and Othello's occupation was gone. It was a considerable boon to the merchant, who, equal to the occasion, quickly began to improve upon the "wrinkle" of the shipowners and ultimately forced the latter, in consequence of the competition, to undertake all the local agency services for a mere nominal charge—they resting satisfied mainly with the sea freight. This free-trade principle developed itself yet further to the still greater advantage of the merchant, for our carriers, in consideration of the rail carriage only, agreed to perform the necessary duties entirely free of

charge. But in doing so the carrier trenches upon the assumed prerogatives of the ship people, whose enmity and antagonism naturally follows.

The Shipping Agent eventually determined to create a new system of forwarding and shipping goods, which, while it would certainly circumvent and bring the shipowners under his power, would, at the same time, give additional advantages to the merchant, besides considerably simplifying the transaction altogether. The Shipping Agent triumphed this wise:—He transplants half himself, we will say, and visiting upon the Manchester merchant in his private office says, in point of fact and to effect: "Look here, Mr. Merchant," (who, by the way, must be making additional fortunes by each additional saving) "don't you mind those ship fellows. They are no better than they ought to be. I'll tell you what I'll do for you. Instead of you dealing with the carter, carrier, and shipper, and paying so many various separate charges, accounts such as rail carriage per ton weight, and sea-freight per ton measurement, I'll quote you a single rate per ton measurement from your warehouse door here to the destination thereof, so that instead of several expenses you will only have one solitary account, which will not only be much cheaper, but will really simplify your shipments greatly."

This was evidently an important advantage, and clearly a thorough business arrangement, which our merchants were not slow to encourage and support. The Shipping Agent was enabled to carry out this plan by reason of the competitive "lines" which increased exports called into existence, more especially as regards the India and China trade, the whole of which is now, we believe, entirely in the hands of the shipping agents, whose headquarters at the sea-ports perform all the necessary duties respecting the shipment of the merchandize. As regards the American trade, Mr. Inman actually brought his men and his callipers (instruments to measure bales) from the Liverpool Docks to our Railway Arches, London Road, in order to deal with the goods under the eyes of the merchant as they were hitherto dealt with on the quays, and gave up to them the usual documents, in a few hours after receiving the goods, which at one time could only be signed by the captain of the ship alone, the transaction occupying at least several days for completion.

Frequently the agent and shipowners play into each other hands as against the merchant. An influential shipping agent will make an agreement with the owners of a first-class and remarkable clipper, by which he binds himself to ship as many Manchester goods as the vessel can take, and pay a certain rate all round. If then the merchants are determined to ship by this particular vessel (and often collateral influences force them to do so) they must necessarily yield to the demands of the Shipping Agent, who, in such instances, obtains his own terms. He, however, stands to lose by speculations of this nature as well as gain an exceptional harvest.

The Shipping Agent's life in Manchester consists in an everlasting canvass without any other detail whatever, save the necessary correspondence attendant upon it; and like his relative, the Carrier, he is pretty well posted up in other people's business. But he cannot touch the latter in the mysterious department, for the Carrier is pre-eminent in the knowledge of everbody's affairs. He can tell you, *sub rosa*, what buyers are coming to the city to select our goods and where they will hang out—the destination of every piece of machinery which is being wrought up by our engineers—the owners of every package of goods in the possession of the packers—knows and understands every one of the mysterious marks so hieroglyphically impressed on every package by the cautious merchant—is aware of every "lot" a Mendel has "coming round" or a Pender has on hand—in fact, it is difficult to know what a Carrier doesn't know about commercial folks' business generally. The Shipping Agent does not assume a foresight as marvellous as this. As the Shipping Agent deals with principals, he must be a man of good address and great tact—possess a clear brain and a ready wit, with a special genius for dissimulation. We have known him to be a rank Tory in one establishment and an ardent Republican in another. He has the elasticity of agreeing with all his clients upon every conceivable subject except one, respecting which he holds somewhat more solid and individual notions. He is active and energetic, and ever on the alert to over-reach the opposition, as all business men must be who have opponents to fight,—and who has not in the daily struggle?

Here is a dark, thick-bearded, low-sized agent leaving the private apartment of one of our great merchants with whom he has been endeavouring to negotiate a large shipment for India, but for a little difference in the rate the merchant held back, and perceiving hesitation, became firm and refused to yield; and the agent, although wavering and unwilling to relinquish the prize, yet declines to concede the point on the moment and retires. On his way downstairs he meets an opponent bent on the same business. The latter is a powerful, commanding, gentlemanly person, with a keen twinkling eye, fresh-looking and good-humoured features, with a dash of jollity about him which the low-sized dark man is far from enjoying or appreciating. They exchange apparently a familiar kindly greeting and a few remarks.

Jovial Agent.—Done anything with so and so?

Dark Agent: (with an air of easy indifference and self-satisfaction) Yes: fixed a thousand good.

Jovial Agent (parting and ascending, and to himself seriously): That's gammon, I'm certain. He'd look a shade brighter than that. I'll sell him if I can.

Dark Agent (descending, and to himself seriously): I'm sold; that's certain. That fellow is sure to cut in and me out, and so very near closing too—confound him. I ought to have known he would be dancing about somewhere not far off.

The merchant receives the Jolly Agent with the proper courtesy and indifference; ultimately arranges the shipment with him, and the jovial one goes on his way rejoicing.

PUSS AND HER POWERS.

DEAR SPHINX,—The man who sneaks behind a hedge and pots off his neighbour's pheasants and hares is a snob, as well as a thief. Poaching, however, is not limited to flax or feathers. There are many branches of the science, and each has its professors. There are poachers in art, trade, manufactures, and medicine; but the worst poacher of all is the literary poacher. Now, this letter is, as it were, bred from the admirable cat exhibited in a former number; and should you, after its perusal, consider me one of the thieves before mentioned, I trust you will spare me the shame of public exposure, by smothering my bantling in the depths of your waste-paper basket. Allow me to add, I have no intention of treating puss generically. On the contrary, I propose to gossip principally about my own particular tabbies; and by way of winding up this quasi preface, beg respectfully to dedicate the following reminiscences to the author of "Your Cat."

I confess, with no little compunction, that in the ignorant season of boyhood I considered cats merely as objects of chase. At that time my poor mother had a splendid black Tom; but ours was a sporting establishment, and contained besides sundry setters, pointers, spaniels, one terrier and a white bull-dog. The family, however, was a united one, and Tommy was on terms of great intimacy with all his four-footed companions. About a mile from the house lay a fine extent of open down, and thither I often carried Blacky in a bag. What courses I used to have! What lectures from my mother on the subject of cruelty to animals! What scoldings from my father, who was wont to declare in the bitterness of his spirit, that his dogs would be ruined—become wild as hawks, break point, chase, and in the coming September not be worth a farthing! But to return. With a reasonable amount of law, Tommy was turned out. Conscious, perhaps, that they were off duty and in for a spree, setters and sedate pointers alike forgot propriety, and shouted in chorus with the rest of the pack. Heavens and earth, how Tom went! He was as good as a bag fox, and, at first, not knowing what was behind him, literally ran for his life. But this excellent disposition did not last long. Experience spoilt him, and after a time, instead of running himself nearly to death, when turned out, he cocked up his tail, walked boldly towards his would-be pursuers, and rubbed himself against their legs. There was no resisting this. He was forthwith recognised as a "man and a brother." My coursing was over, and the remnant of Tommy's days were passed in peace. I felt horribly vexed with the animal at the time. Now that he has long been gathered to his fathers, I forgive him. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* occurs to my memory, and I feel constrained to do justice to his pluck, instinct, and ready wit. All evil actions produce corresponding consequences. What

I suffered on account of that animal need scarcely be told. If he was absent for an hour on any particular business of his own, I was sure to hear, "*Where is* my cat?" If the day was hot, and the scent bad, whenever the pointers overran their birds, I was reduced to desperation by the observation, "There, I told you so; the dogs are utterly ruined." My punishment was not in vain. My conscience grew tender, and many a day elapsed before I really had a puss of my own.

Several years later I became a student at the Dublin School of Medicine, and not liking what Mrs. Butler calls "the dear dirty city," took up my quarters at Kingstown. My landlady had a cat, a poor, ill-used drudge, that did his work well, and was repaid by neglect and ill-usage. Two or three days after entering my new domicile a faint mew sounded outside my door. On opening it I saw a timid, half-starved animal, terrified by the advances it had made. Little by little I succeeded in overcoming its fears. At first the creature could not believe in my sincerity, and fled from the share of my meat which was offered to it. I placed the food in a corner, looked in another direction, and, when it was eaten, praised and stroked my humble companion. From that moment we became friends, and no embryo doctor ever had a more faithful or loving one. In the winter mornings he was in my room with the first dim twilight. We breakfasted together; he saw me to the passage; heard, I think, with regret, the door close behind me as I hurried to the station to catch the 8 15 train for Dublin. He knew the hours as well as if he had one of Dent's chronometers in his pocket, and was sure to be perched in the window of the hall to welcome me when I returned, in the darkness, at six o'clock. I hated Quain, abhorred Harrison's *Dublin Dissector*, and only just tolerated Watson's *Practice of Medicine*. Had it not been for Tesie and his blandishments, I might have given up the profession in disgust. My hairy friend, now grown wonderfully stout and sleek, purred nothing but gentle encouragement and good counsel, and we continued our studies night after night, till "all sorts of hours," as they say in Pat-land. On my return on each vacation our meeting was most touching. We flew literally into each other's arms, and had Tesie been a fairy princess in mufti, I could not have received more unmistakeable evidence of affection. After all, my pet possessed no super-feline mental powers; he was not a genius, but a true loving friend, which is perhaps much better.

That excellent prince, Howel Dda, amongst his laws relating to the value of animals, included that of Grimalkin. The price of a kitling before it could see was to be a penny; till it caught a mouse, twopence. If anyone stole or killed a cat that guarded the Prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milch-ewe, its fleece, and a lamb, or as much wheat as when poured on the animal suspended by the tail, its head touching the floor, would form a heap sufficiently high to cover it. (*Leges Walliæ, pp.* 247-248). If the laws of Howel the Good have nothing to do with my own cats, they have some relation to those of a friend. This gentleman farmed extensively, and figured—much against his will—in laudatory notices in agricultural journals. He never heard of the great Cambrian legislator, yet in his own homestead his *lex talionis* was nearly identical. He rated the services of his hairy constabulary as worth about £20 a year each, whilst his chief of police, a battered and dilapidated animal, monoculous, with only the stump of one ear remaining, and with a tail sadly shorn of its fair proportions, was considered worth £30 annually. My friend was a thoughtful man, not given to rash speaking, nor do I doubt his statements were based on exact calculation. The *Leges Walliæ*, together with the testimony of Agricola, seem to show that pussy's utility is by no means inconsiderable.

I once bought a kitten whose forefathers for many generations had shown a singular faculty of accompanying their mistress in all her walks. Neither weather nor distance affected the pedestrian powers of these animals. Over the mountains, up the glens, along the roads, it was all the same to these cats; even snow and rain did not deter them. They wished to follow their mistress, and they did it. Yet she was to all appearance the last woman in the world to have developed the faculty. She was a just, hard-headed, unsympathetic Presbyterian, in the extreme north of Ireland. How she did it I cannot tell; I know I failed signally. Nevertheless, my kitten grew in due season to be an im, ortant person in the household. At that time I rented one of the best salmon rivers in the Green Isle, and my *ménage*, though comfortable, was in many places rather rough. For example, the kitchen contained sundry barrels of flour, biscuit, salt meat, and the like; and as the floor was uneven, such mice as my puss hunted and missed were wont to take refuge under these towers of strength. On such occasions my friend Bunn, instead of wasting his time, like an ordinary cat, in watching the fortress, ran strait to "the master," and conducted that polite individual to the required spot. What assistance he expected at first it is impossible to say, but experience soon taught him that a barrel could be tilted. Possessed of this knowledge, he would take up his ground at the most eligible point, and no terrier of rat celebrity ever did his work better. As a rule, cats dislike being watched when mousing, and will, under such circumstances, usually give up the pursuit.

But Bunn could be quite a gentleman on proper occasions. At dinner he made it a point of honour never to be absent. His seat was on the corner of the table at his master's left hand, where he sat even when guests were present with a gravity and decorum that was beyond all praise. He might have been a thief—I am afraid was one—but when dining out was never known to attempt the smallest felony. Near the lodge lay a long range of sand hills, swept up from the shore by the westerly winds. These contained a large stock of rabbits, which proved a temptation too strong for poor Bunn's powers of resistance. The pursuit involved no little hazard, for all the game was taken by trapping. On two occasions, my unfortunate friend was caught by the leg. Had he struggled, the limb must have been broken, but Bunn seemed to have an instinctive sense of the danger, and patiently endured the pain till the keeper let him out, when the maimed animal crawled on his back, and was brought home horribly lame, and obviously not a little ashamed of his misdoings. He never forgot his obligations to his preserver, nor failed to show his affection whenever an opportunity of doing so occurred.

Gottfried Mind, the Raphael of cats, possessed a frantic desire to appropriate the pussies of his neighbours; but this inimitable artist was a Cat-o-maniac. At present I am not so far gone as the immortal limner of Berne, and only propose to *borrow* another man's cat for a few moments.

Tibbie and Pincher were fast friends; dined off the same dish; slept on the same bed. Towards the end of the summer Pincher's *chère ami* became a mother, and was allowed a garret for her nursery. A thunderstorm of unusual severity occurred, and during its progress Tibbie entered the drawing-room; walked up to her canine friend; stroked him, patted him, walked to the door, returned, repeated her blandishments, and unmistakeably said in dumb show, "Come with me—please, do." But Pincher was awfully frightened, and though he seemed to understand the appeal, crept under his master's chair to evade the request. Pussy's cries grew so frantic that a gentleman followed her upstairs, and was led by the disconsolate matron to his own dressing-room, to which place she had conveyed one of her kits. Not being ubiquitious, she was at a loss how to act; her affections were divided between her divided kittens, and she doubtless wanted Pincher to act as nurse to the little one below, whilst she returned to carry the remainder to what she deemed a place of safety. Attended by Tibbie, Mr. —— mounted to the garret, through the windows of which the lightning flashed with terrific brilliance, and carried her litter to the dark corner she had selected as most likely to ensure their safety. She had never previously shown any particular regard for her present benefactor; subsequently her attentions were most marked, and looked uncommonly like the payment of a debt of gratitude.

By this time I fear even your distinguished pussologist will be ready to say, with the love-sick duke in *Twelfth Night*—

> The strain give o'er:
> 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

So I will only assure you, dear Sphinx, of my regard, and remain yours, faithfully,

W. F.

THE BOURNE TO WHICH THE JOURNALIST RETURNS.—Tichbourne.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents who desire the return of unaccepted communications should enclose stamps for the postage.

No notice can be taken, in the Number for each current week, of any communication received later than Wednesday morning.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

The Public is respectfully informed that COPIES of this Company's TOURIST PROGRAMME, replete with information as to routes, fares, facilities, and conditions, for all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, are now to be obtained at all the Booking Offices on the line.—By order.

Office of the Superintendent of the Line,
Victoria Station, Manchester, June, 1871.

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Manchester	6 0	4 6	9 6	7 0	24 0	18 3
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